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By
CARTER
S.
COLE, M.D.

Illustrations by
THOMAS FOGARTY
DAN SMITH
HENRY RALEIGH

Decorations by
R. S. AMENT

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I N D E X

To Harriet Ware	-	-	<i>Dedication</i>	
Venetian Twilight	-	-		1
A Birthday	-	-	-	2
Rigi-Kulm	-	-	-	3
Pompeii	-	-	-	4
Fiesole (Theatre)	-	-	-	5
An Ideal	-	-	-	6
The Azores	-	-	-	7
The Harvest Moon	-	-	-	8
A Kiss	-	-	-	9
Love's Symphony	-	-	-	10
A Reply	-	-	-	11
Humility	-	-	-	12
Sea-Gulls	-	-	-	13
The Song Sublime	-	-	-	14
Lost and Found	-	-	-	15
Lost Love	-	-	-	16
A Voice	-	-	-	17
Calling	-	-	-	18
Free	-	-	-	19
Subconscious Cerebration	-	-	-	20
Above the Clouds	-	-	-	21
Dreaming	-	-	-	22
A Pastor	-	-	-	23
Immanuel (<i>A song cycle</i>)	-	-	-	25
A Cross	-	-	-	29
Mother-Love	-	-	-	30
When Violets Fade	-	-	-	30
If	-	-	-	31
Love's Message	-	-	-	32
Unchanged	-	-	-	33
A White Rose	-	-	-	34

A Breath of Spring	-	-	-	35
Tear Drops	-	-	-	36
Love-Light	-	-	-	37
Affinity	-	-	-	38
Bohemians	-	-	-	39
A Message	-	-	-	40
Far and Near	-	-	-	41
Roeanne (<i>9 months old</i>)	-	-	-	42
Alone	-	-	-	45
A Golden Wedding	-	-	-	46
Heart Hunger	-	-	-	47
Autograph Book	-	-	-	48
An Inspiration	-	-	-	49
Intuition	-	-	-	50
Silence and Song	-	-	-	51
A Chord	-	-	-	52
M. H.	-	-	-	52
Mon Désir	-	-	-	53
Aloft	-	-	-	54
Comrades (<i>Pleiades</i>)	-	-	-	55
The Struggle	-	-	-	56
Asleep	-	-	-	57
Truth	-	-	-	58
A Sketch	-	-	-	59
Love Divine (<i>A song cycle</i>)	-	-	-	60
A Contrast	-	-	-	63
Marguerite	-	-	-	65
Love-Bloom	-	-	-	66
A Silver Bowl (<i>Presentation</i>)	-	-	-	67
A Contralto	-	-	-	68
Telepathy	-	-	-	69
A Song-Writer	-	-	-	70
Sincerity	-	-	-	71
L'Envoi	-	-	-	72

To Harriet Ware



ART and music, poetry,
Surely must inspired be,
If worth while; and to the source,
Naturally and of course,
Of the primal inspiration,
Should belong the dedication.



Venetian Twilight.



Y GONDOLIER lazily makes his way,
Threading along, humming a song,
And glorious tints of a dying day
Fill me with rapture, while earth, sky and sea,
In their aureole robes, are a mystery
Hidden from none, priceless, but free.

The swish of the oar through the dark, quiet
stream,
Rhythmical, clear, soothing to hear,
Scatters the mist, as a little moon-beam
Kisses the lips that are mine by right,
And caresses the form with its mellow light
For which I am yearning to-night.

This world is a place full of trouble and pain,
None of us know why this is so;
In fancy, at least, when you suffer again,
Ride in my gondola, dismiss all care,
Hear the soft music that floats through the air
At twilight, in Venice, so fair.

A Birthday



WENTY-ONE,

Life begun;

Play diminished:

College finished,

Still, the world is full of pleasure,
Punctuated now and then by sorrow:

In the mind is found the measure

Making welcome each to-morrow:

In the heart the richest treasure

Of this life is safely guarded

By a perfect intuition;

Heed its warning, be rewarded

By the joys of love's fruition:

Wisdom slowly

Comes, but surely

Smiles upon

Twenty one.

"Rigi-Kulm"



HE SUN above, the sea below—
A sea of fog, like driven snow,
Enveloping the lakes and hills
And lower peaks against their wills:

As far as eye can see around
The Alps majestic, some snow-bound,
And glaciers, too, the sun defy,
But warm the earth on which they lie
And keep secure their rugged tops
From life or any kind of crops,
Except the ones they hold and hide
Beneath their massive weight. The tide
Of time and cares of men below,
Cannot disturb nor change the glow
Of sunrise and of sunset grand,
In this enchanted, lofty land:
The rainbow colors kiss good-night
Each snow-bound crest, and with the light
At early morn, rejoice to stay
A moment; then, compelled, they stray
To pastures green and haunts of men,
But know they can return again
To peace and quiet, where the blue

Of Heaven's vault shall veil anew
The craigs and peaks so high in air,
Committed to the Master's care.

Pompeii.



SILENT city of the dead,
Lost for centuries, then found,
Why was your defenseless head
Chosen for a funeral mound?
Whither did your people flee?
Were they buried by the dust?
Did they rush into the sea
Seeking shelter where they must?
Why were some by lava chained,
Seemingly to danger dumb?
These alone have still remained,
Calcified for years to come.

Fiesole (Theatre)



HE ground the stage,
With mountains near and valleys deep
The setting: not one thing to hide
Or interrupt the vision wide
Of earth and sky: the players keep
Their hearers spell-bound by the tale
Their accents sound in hill and vale
Of sword and sage.

Two thousand years!
And on these very granite seats
Imperishable, moss bedecked,
Etruscan maids, their sweethearts next,
Rejoiced to feel the throbbing beats
Of hearts aflame, to whisper low
Where stars and moon could hear and know
How love endears.



An Ideal



YOU have heard from the strings
Of a fine violin many wonderful things;
But they cannot begin to compare with the
voice

Of the one whom you love,
When she says that your choice
Has brought peace, like the dove.

Though an artist may paint
With remarkable grace and the charms of a
saint,

Without having a trace of the human remain;
Still, the composite whole
Of the thought in his brain
Must be limned by the soul.

All the beauties of art
And the wonders of God, to a soulless heart
Are no more than the sod; but the mind, keen
and bright

With divine inspiration,
Knows the wonderful sight
In the simplest creation.

The "Azores"



ISLES enchanting, mystic, charming,
Springing from the ocean deep,
Do you have no fears alarming,
Lest your craters may not sleep?

Do your people thrive and flourish
Like the vegetation green?
Surely such a soil should nourish
Thoughts of other worlds unseen.

Washed by ocean's softest billows,
Warmed by rays that never burn,
Little wonder that your pillows
Nestle heads that never turn!

"The Harvest Moon"



HE legends say the Harvest moon
Is far the best of all the year;
Perhaps it is, but very soon,
The same of other moons you hear.

The beauty lies, not in the star,
The music sounds, not in the spheres,
But in the eyes that gaze afar,
And in the heart, with listening ears.

The soul that is with love in tune,
Can find in every earthly thing,
A far resounding, echoing rune,
That stirs the heart and makes it sing.

A heart at peace, a mind at rest,
Would give to life upon this earth
A cup so full of what is best,
That we might scorn a second birth.

A Kiss



WAKED her with a kiss:

Who knows what thoughts, unfettered then,

Were flitting through her brain, at rest;

What visions weird, or dreams again

Of love unknown, had filled her breast?

I only know my bliss!

All dreams may be surmise:

But when the curtains of her sight

Were barely drawn a line apart,

My soul was stilled with sweet delight,

I knew the joy that filled my heart

Was love-light from her eyes.

"Love's Symphony"



LIVING can give many joys,
None so great as love may be,
Time alone all else destroys,
Love lasts through Eternity.

Dying may to some give pain,
One at least may ever deem,
Life has never been in vain,
Love has made it one sweet dream.

For the Future have no fear,
Let the Past a memory be,
Listen, you yourself may hear
Love's ecstatic symphony!

A Reply



HY play the game with kings and aces?
If all that rumor says be true,
Your contest with ten thousand faces
Has netted just the one for you.

This game of chance becomes so fraught
With every kind of kink and ridge,
No wonder peace is dearly bought
At poker or at auction bridge.

Though quite adept at either game,
I freely here to you confess
That each, or both are very tame
Compared to one that you can guess.

Accept my thanks and let me say,
That only work professional
May keep me from your board away—
Perhaps, from your confessional!

Humility



HE stars that twinkle and that shine
A wondrous source of beauty are;
But science only can opine
The secret of the shooting star.

What can the soul, to land chain-bound,
Pretend to tell us of the sea—
That restless, boundless girdle 'round
The earth for all eternity.

The simple fools may jest and jeer
Who never raise their eyes above,
Too ignorant to even fear
The force or fire of holy love.

Embrace the heart that has its grief:
The life that only knows sunshine
Can have no infinite belief
In what is human or divine.

Humility alone can bring
The mortal mind with God in touch:
They tell us that the Heavenly King
Has filled His kingdom full of such.

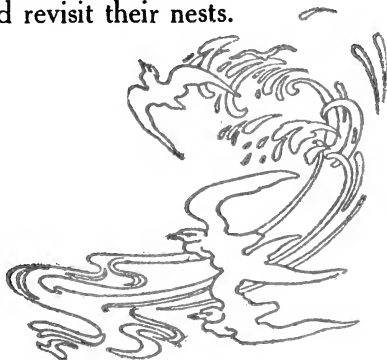
Sea-Gulls.



AR from their homes, on tireless wing,
Only the waves of the sea for a bed,
Sea-gulls will follow, with rhythmical swing,
While the propellers are forging ahead.

Distance and time are not factors to them,
Storms only hasten and help them along:
Most of their kind they can rightly condemn—
One shrill, sharp note is the whole of their
song.

Even their bed is as restless as they,
Cooling their feet and caressing their breasts:
Nature, however, has taught them the day
When to return and revisit their nests.



The Song Sublime



HE music written, played or sung,
May give delight to those who know
The mysteries and magic tongue
In which the cadenced phrases flow:

But every class, in every clime—
The creatures dumb—or deer, or dove,
Untutored know the song sublime
To thrill a heart or tell their love!

White Lilacs and Sweet-peas



HE music in the lilacs white,
The fragrance of the sweet-peas blue,
Impel the senses, smell and sight
To charm a melody from you.

Lost and Found



LONG, long ago, just when I can't say,
But it seems to me forever and a day,
I lost my love, and I don't know how—
Unless—but its idle to guess at it now.

Twice in the night, before it was dawn,
Came a voice of distress by some spirit borne,
And only the years in the future told
How two little lambs had entered the fold.

At last came a line—just a simple note,
Clear and concise, in which she wrote
That in trouble and pain the old, old love
Alone stood the test and was help from above.

Perhaps we shall never discover nor know
How God works his wonders and makes love
grow:

But a force irresistible holds in its power
The God-born love, not the love of the hour.

One never can tell what the Future may bring,
We are seldom quite certain of anything;
But I know that my love in the years gone by
Is still mine to-day and forever and aye.

Lost Love



YOU may mock
At the heart overflowing with grief,
 You may lock
In your breast any thought of relief,
 But some day
From the depths of your soul you shall know,
 You must say
No mortal may live without woe!

My heart bleeds
When I think of my love in the past;
 My soul needs
Just one more tender word that may last;
 My will craves
What it once thought it held quite secure;
 My mind raves
At the loss it must feel evermore!

A Voice



VOICE at night, in the stillness heard,
But just as clear in the busy throng,
As sweet as the note of a singing bird,
And sweeter than any written song,
Is whispering words that make my heart
Pulsate in quivering, quickened throbs;
I stop to listen, but quickly start,
Amazed to find I am choked by sobs:
Too late, I know the truth to be,
The voice of love was calling me.

Reincarnation (L. H.)



OUR voice, entrancing, seems to me
An echo of eternity:
It thrills the heart, enthalls the mind,
Inspires a love for all mankind:
Reincarnation, some will say;
Perhaps,—if so, you need no prayer
That here, hereafter, everywhere
Its charm remain with you alway.

Calling



ARE you calling me?
Can I mistake the voice I hear,
Far-off at times, then again so near,
Chanting a melody soft and low,
Only permitted to lovers to know,
Fully of ecstasy?

I am calling you:
Although no sound from my lips is heard,
Out into space hurries each fond word,
Driven by energy stored in my heart,
Straight to the soul of its own counterpart,
Faithful, loving, true.

Free



HE mind is free—
But not on land,
And never at sea
Until the spirit that gave it birth
Has taught how little this life is worth,
Without the hand
Of Deity.

The heart is free—
But not below,
Nor even above,
Unless some power has made it know
The bliss that alone can make it so—
Unbounded love
Eternally.

Subconscious Cerebration



HEN shall we know—God grant it be soon—
Music unwritten, but heard in our sleep:
Why does its wonderful entrancing tune
Lie in a mystery ever too deep?

Down in his heart, in the peasant's breast,
Untouched by trouble, and unmoved by pain,
Poetry exquisite, never expressed,
Flows from an unending, natural vein.

Working untrammelled by sight and by
thought,
Pictures unconsciously limned by the brain,
Artists remember; but when they are sought,
Canvas and colour refuse them again.

Above the Clouds



BOVE the Clouds,
The vault of Heaven arched and boundless,
The azure blue so pure and clear,
The air itself so rare, and fresh and free,
Instil into the mind the groundless,
Hopelessness of plans projected here,
Regardless of the great Eternity
Above the clouds.

Above the clouds,
Our thoughts may always soar with ease,
And bring to us a fuller dawn,
Replete with knowledge of a sweeter life,
In which misfortune and disease
Can find no place: the weary, worn
Forget their troubles, know no care nor strife
Above the clouds!

Dreaming



WAKE and alert, I seem never to see
The one whom I know is still waiting for me;
But when I am dreaming, those eyes look in
mine

And answer my prayer in a language divine.

Perhaps in the Future, in worlds still unknown,
My dreaming may bring me the love it has
sown;

The life after death all the sweeter should be,
When love is unfettered for Eternity.



TWO MEASURE life by years, not deeds,
Is usual with those that err;
But one who finds and fills the needs
Of aching hearts and poor lost souls,
And brings them to the sheltering folds
Where human ties are sweet and dear,
And hope eternal gives anew
The strength to struggle and to fight,
The courage needed to be true,—
Must realize that on this earth
His years are measured by his worth,
Which God alone may judge aright:
No wonder then, fond brother mine,
That fifty Winters—dare I tell?—
Have passed and hardly left a line
Upon your brow; and that your hair,
Though touched by grey, bespeaks no care,
Because your people love you well!



Immanuel (A song cycle)



ONS pass, but every Hebrew maid
Hopeful waits and listens yearning:
Palpitating hearts, and burning
Souls impatient, unafraid,
Watchful wonder,
Prayerful ponder

Who shall be the mother blessed,
By whose hand and at whose breast
God has planned to have the child
Brought to full maturity,
Pure and holy, undefiled
With assured security.

By the angel Gabriel,
Tidings of Immanuel,
Secrets of Elizabeth
Reach the city Nazareth,
In the heart of Gallilee:
From his lips the Virgin heard:
"Fear not, Mary," and this word:
"Favoured; all eternity
Bless and praise the son to be—
JESUS, Son of God, and thee!"

Anxiously going,
Wondering, knowing
Ecstasy fine:
Watchfully caring,
Consciously bearing
Concept divine:
"Holy His name!
Merciful Saviour,
Always the same!"

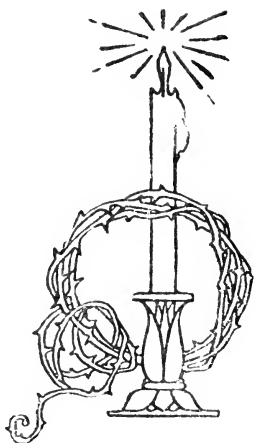
Once in each revolving year,
Comes the season sweet to those
Who have hearts attuned to hear
Helpless infants when they cry:
Hushed the cradle—still the sky
Holds the stars the wise men chose
As their guide to Bethlehem,
Where, as every one now knows,
In a manger, marked for them,
Lay a child, a prince, a King!
Prophesied for years to bring
Peace, good-will, and happiness
To a world in great distress:

One whose life and power to lift,
Burdens painfully endured
By the lepers, never cured,
Was the special, blessed gift
Granted only at his birth
To the Son of God on earth.

A thousand times ten thousand years,
Cannot efface the wonder wrought
By power sublime: time but endears
The birth so long by sages sought,
The life so full of bitter tears,
The death by which eternal life
Was made an heritage secure,
And all this hard and cruel strife
Could end in peace for evermore.

In the Heavenly choir
You may hear this refrain:
"He is coming again,
In a pillar of fire,
With affection, not ire:
From the right hand of God

He hath taken the Book,
And shall reap from the sod—
Yea, from each little nook—
The rich harvest, so rife;
And a stream, crystal clear,
Pure, with water of life,
Takes away every tear.”



A Cross



IMPLE, but high
On Alpine crest,
Above the strife
And stress of life,

A cross, at rest,
Kisses the sky!

Steadfast through storm:
The sun ablaze
With torrid light,
The moon at night
With silver rays,
Outline its form.

Token sublime
By ages blest,
With love untold,
Your arms enfold
The heart oppressed
In every clime.

Mother-love



HE door-step of a busy thoroughfare,
With surface lines and elevated cars,
And noisy workers welding iron bars,
Reveals, in gingham dress, with raven hair,
A woman of the working, plainer class,
Whose face is radiant with a careless smile,
As in her lap, outstretched and happy, while
Upon its face and head (a tangled mass
Of dark brown curls) the kisses rain,
A playful child inspires that mother-love,
So pure, unselfish, straight from heaven above,
Which never has its like on earth again.

When Violets Fade



ROSE
Of deep red hue,
When violets fade,
May kindle too
Old joys anew—
Who knows?

IF



F I could speak,
The language of the flowers,
Their fragrance lend
To every word and phrase,

What harp or lute,
With all its subtle powers,
Would dare contend—
Unless to suit
Its music to my lays?

If I could use
The language of the birds,
The melody
Bewitching of their lays,
I know my pen
Would not commit to words
Or poesy
My love: but then,
My heart would sing always.

Love's Message



N TRACKLESS ways,
For nights and days,
A message from my soul has sped;
Incessantly,

On land and sea,
It follows boldly, whither led.

If efforts fail
On hill and vale
To reach the heart to which it goes,
It will defy,
However high,
The peaks that boast eternal snows.

The dark below,
From which we know
That raging flames may rarely rise,
Will only speed
The soul whose need
Is love supreme, that never dies.

I have no fear,
Though never here

The message finds its destined goal,
In spirit land,
A loving hand
Will grasp and greet my longing soul.

Unchanged



HE LEAVES are changed from green
to gold,
And silver streaks the auburn hair,
Sometimes, before its owner fair
Has known the grief that makes one old;
The seasons change from warm to cold,
But human nature everywhere
Remains the same: at least, one thing
Unchanged, amidst so much unrest,
Unfailing joy and peace may bring
To those who serve its altar best.

A White Rose



O YOU remember a small white rose,
Breathing its fragrance pure and fair,
One with the sweet peas you yourself chose,
Taking it out of a vase quite rare?

Was it the perfume, or was it a prayer?
Something invested the rose with strange
power;
Since then unceasingly and everywhere,
You fill my heart—not the thought of the
flower.

How can you master emotion so strong,
What will you do for the heart you have
stirred?
Your voice to me, which is sweeter than song,
Could ease its yearning, by one little word.

A Breath of Spring



O LEAF, no life to untrained eye,
The tree in burial robes of snow
Can only answer Winter's blow
By nodding to the mackerel sky.

The earth itself, so hard and drear,
By force prevents the seed deep sown
From creeping out, perchance, alone
To die, exposed to cold and fear.

A balmy breeze no eye may see
Is wafted through the topmost boughs,
And, even to the root, endows
With sap and green the silent tree.

Its leaves with melody abound,
The birds its branches fill with song:
Below, a weird, mysterious throng—
Elusive shadows play around.

Throbbing with ecstasy, everything
Wakes from its lethargy, eager for strife,
With a heart yearning for love and life,
Wooed by the quickening breath of Spring.

Tear Drops



I AM thinking of you:
In the hush of the morn,
Ere the rose-fingered dawn
From the darkness is born,
All alone, heavy hearted,
Come the dreams when we parted
Of a love old, yet new.

I am singing to you:
In my heart is a strain
Oft repeated again
In the same sweet refrain,
Softly speaking or calling;
On my cheeks, there are falling
Pearl tear-drops, like dew.

I am longing for you:
Does your heart feel my thought?
Has your consciousness caught
From the ether waves naught
That my heart throbs are saying?
Are you yourself praying
That those dreams may come true?

Love-Light



Y HEART like a bud that had never
bloomed,
To shade and shadow seemed hopelessly
doomed,
No ray of sunshine nor breath of Spring
Would kiss and keep it from withering.

The light from a tender, human face,
Aglow with pity and exquisite grace,
Illumined the plant, all dropping alone,
And made from the bud a rose full-blown.



Affinity



LONE I've waited, suffered, wept,
The years have passed, and still my grief
In silence borne, has on me crept:
The Future holds out no relief.

It seems that every hope has fled,
That love and sunshine all about,
Cannot by chance, upon my head
Descend, and much less seek me out.

And yet, another sense has told,
That on this earth not far from me,
A heart is beating, in whose hold,
My own love-fire glows brilliantly.

How can a flame forever last,
Without renewing proper food?
To make it stand the wintry blast,
Unspoken love can not be crude.

But not a sign and not a word
For years between ourselves has passed,
Unless, perchance, each one has heard
The other's heart by grief harassed.

Bohemians



YOU may have a superstition
Which amounts to a delusion,
Or a simple intuition
That occasions much confusion;
There are fads and fancies funny
That may help or harm digestion:
But Bohemians with money
Must excite comment and question.

It is hard to give a reason
For the foolish things we think;
It is harder still, in season,
To command the printers ink:
But Bohemians are careful
On the lines where others fail:
And though seldom ever prayerful,
They have friendship—not for sale!

An analysis will prove it,
That the heart as hard as stone
(Only dynamite can move it,
Though it really is bone)
In Bohemians is missing,

But, instead you always find
One whose music, sweet as kissing,
Throbs with love for human kind.

A Message



IN simple verse these lines I send:
Between them, one who reads may see
A message and a token blend
To bring you peace eternally.

The message comes, I need not say,
From one whose heart is sad and sore;
The token still awaits the day
That brings us joy for evermore!

Far and Near



HE night is done,
And linnets are
Astir: upon
The eastern sky
A blush: on high
No daring star
Disputes with day
The right of way;
And yet, the light
Confounds my sight—
For thou art far!

The day is done,
But all is clear:
No midday sun
Could give more light
To guide aright
And calm my fear
Than that I know
When from two eyes,
With feigned surprise,
The love-beams glow—
For thou art near!

Roeanne (9 months old)



ABIES all may interest:
Clothed in little but a smile,
Each will prove a welcome guest,
When it coos or tries to smile.

Dimpled wrists and dumpy feet
Lend their own peculiar charms
To a baby clean and sweet,
Nestling in its mother's arms.

You may think those open eyes
Prettier if a different hue;
But the parents who are wise,
Know that any shade will do.

Naturally, every dear
Has some special cunning ways
Which would take at least a year
To enumerate; these lays

Are to tell you of a child—
Not my own, I grieve to say—
Wondrous fair and meek and mild,
Full of sunshine all the day.

From the hour when she was born,
None who know her can deny,
Whether it be night or morn,
She is seldom heard to cry.

Trustful, calm, a face so rare,
Surely with those eyes of blue
And her soft abundant hair,
She is equalled by but few.

Doubtless this may vex her mind,
How an angel here below,
Can the proper helpmate find—
For her sort is rare, you know.

Smile and cool in peace, Rosanne:
You will find when you are grown,
Peace quite rare, for every man
Tries to cull a rose full-blown.



Alone



LOVE to listen to the singing birds;
The rustling leaves have music of their own:
But nothing sounds so sweet as do the words
I hear in silence, when I am alone.

My fancy makes me free to choose the voice
That never fails to lure me by its charm:
Besides, I am not hindered in my choice
Of what to hear, and when to take alarm.

The face of one whose memory is enshrined
In all the beauty of a boy's love-dream,
Is with the voice and figure close entwined—
A picture-poem, like a fairy neem,

The fragrance of a blooming flower bed,
The odor from the fresh and new morn hay,
Rivives the recollections of the head
That once upon my shoulder loved to stay.

The strains of every air, by time endeared,
The harmonies that often are not scored,
Infuse my mind and cause it to be cleared
Of all unhealthy thoughts it may have stored.

No wonder then, that people are content
To live alone, and never dare to mate:
A love unhappy proves the incident
Preparatory to a better fate.

A Golden Wedding



FIFTY happy, golden years!
Although trials, losses, tears
May have cast some shadows dark,
And the carols of the lark
May have failed to bring you cheer,
When affliction drew too near;
Still, the long association
Is a special dispensation
Granted to but few below:
Yours the real joys to know
Here on earth, and, surely, Love
Shall provide no less above.

"Heart Hunger"



O YOU listen while you sleep?
Then I know you hear my cry,
For in slumber, light or deep,
I am calling—You know why!

When you go from place to place,
Can't you see me at your side?
Though my eyes be closed, your face
By my fancy is espied.

Music strange you hear and feel:
Do you marvel at its force?
Could my spirit to you steal,
You, at least, would know its source.

Does the perfume of the flower,
Bring you pleasure, give you joy?
This to me gives every hour,
Thoughts of you that never cloy.

Though you lost your taste and touch,
Yet the senses left, just three,
Would sufficient be for such
Individuality.

Do the ether waves from you,
Cause my hungry heart unrest,
Keep me wondering, is it true,
While I suffer, God knows best?

Autograph Book



HAT can one say in a word or a line
Worthy to go in an autograph-book?
Tendrils that cling to a tree or a vine,
Thrive in the shade of a sequestered nook.

An Inspiration



HE held my hand:
And as her dark eyes flashed
Discretely, pressed it, unabashed,
A magic wand
To give an inspiration for a song:
No one could fail to write
When sensation, touch and sight
Compelled creative thoughts to surge along.

She held my hand:
The voice of Spring rang clear,
The leaves and birds were near—
You understand—
All nature felt a new impulse in life:
The Winter chill had passed,
Until I saw aghast,
The man who wanted her to be his wife!

Intuition



HE birds seek shelter safely in the boughs,
The lambs, by hills protected, fear no wind,
But mortals, who depend upon the vows
So rashly made, so easy to rescind,
Ignore the one, supreme, unfailing sense
That offers even animals defense.

The ceremonies by the church compelled,
The forms provided by the civil laws,
May merge two names, but never may they
meld

Two hearts discordant: if you seek the cause,
Neglect of intuition tells the tale
Of why such unions know no word but fail.

Silence and Song



I CANNOT sing:
Bright though the day,
Dark seems the way
While memories are haunting me
Of one who long since crossed the sea
In early Spring.

At sight of thee,
Even the night
Borrows new light
From distant orbs to give a charm,
My heart is free from all alarm—
I sing with glee.

A Chord



DEEP in my heart, is a chord divine,
Full of a harmony strange to this earth,
Until that masterful music of thine,
Calls it from spirit-land, giving it birth.

Could I translate into words such a strain.
Words that the people could grasp everywhere,
Nations enchanted would sing the refrain,
Filling with melody, earth, sea and air.

M. H.



THE dainty box of caramels
Contains confections sweet and rare;
But better still is what it tells
Of graciousness that ever dwells
Within the heart of one so fair
In face and form: whose azure eyes
Reflect the colour from the skies
And give a glimpse of paradise.



OME attracted by a face,
Follow blindly any pace;
More pursue a money prize,
Often won by fraud and lies:
Others for a lithesome form
Weather any kind of storm:
Many are by titles drawn,
Early taught on rank to fawn:
Graces rare, so sweet to see,
When possessed from infancy,
May escape a searching eye,
If no cloud obscures the sky:
But I know the better part,
Hidden by consummate art—
That which worships at the shrine
Of the cross—your soul divine—
Glow in grief that none may borrow:
Will you let me share your sorrow?

Aloft



ASTER of land and sea
For many years, the mind
Has solved the mystery
Of winged things: the wind

Its servant, bears and speeds
The craft from place to place
More swiftly than the pace
Of falcons fast, and feeds
Aloft with purer air
The fancy fine; while Care,
The brute that all annoys
And stouest hearts corrodes,
In vain the soul assails
That carried by the gales
Above the clouds, enjoys
Aërial abodes.

Comrades (Pleiades)



OMRADES in this constellation,
Pause and pour out one libation
To our fellows gone before;
From the great unknown, unlearned,
Never yet has one returned:
Still, we know they wait to meet us,
That their loving souls will greet us,
On the distant spirit shore.

The Struggle



THE path of knowledge is the same,
Defiant, difficult, obscure;
The goal, success—no easy game
For rich to play, much less for poor.

Sharp, cruel thorns beset the way,
The climb for many is too steep,
And ere they see the dawn of day,
Most weary toilers fall asleep.

The dreamer works, the worker dreams,
Each striving, struggling for the goal,
And while they press their futile schemes,
Each loses more—a mortal soul.

Asleep



UR ship is delayed by the force of the gale,
And tossed by the billows and beaten by hail,
But peacefully dreaming, my darling asleep
In a trundle-bed cot, is unmoved by the deep.

Sweetly sleep!

The hand of another will
Temper the storm:
The heart of a mother still
Shelters your form.

The years that shall follow may bring you
delight,
Or even a lover to guard you at night;
But only the love of a mother may last
When fortune and friends are but dreams of
the past.

Sweetly sleep!

The hand of another will
Temper the storm:
The heart of a mother still
Shelters your form.

"Truth"



HO knows the spirit inspiring song birds?
How do they learn what so sweetly they sing?
May be their music is too rare for words,
Save for the words that their own fancies
bring.

Can we explain how some wonderful song
Comes to the writer unbidden, unsought,
Unless his muse is compelled by some wrong,
Or by some pleasure that's too dearly bought.

Only the heart that has suffered and grieved,
Knows how to touch by its voice or its word,
That of another too often deceived,
Whether the message be old or unheard.

One kind of music and one kind of song,
Ever strikes deep and in memory stays,
That from the heart, which can never be
wrong,
Having the Truth as its key-note always.

"A Sketch"



WORLD of loving kindness lies
Within those mellow, hazel eyes;
And from their depths a wondrous light
Undimmed by day, enhanced by night,
With scintillating lustre shines
Like brilliants in the deepest mines:
And by their glance, is shown the soul
That makes the beauty of the whole:
A heart that only throbs to aid
The burden on its fellow laid;
A mind engrossed by every thought
Historical, by labor wrought;
Beloved by all, to whom you're known,
The love you reap, is what you've sown.

Love Divine (A song cycle)



FAIRY Sprite,
A child of three,
Happy and free,
In dappled light,

Under a tree,
Dancing and swinging,
Laughing and singing,
Enraptures me!

A maid, I ween,
At least sixteen,
Feeling the fire
Of golden youth,
Full of desire
To know the truth:
The earth below
And the sky above her,
The streams as they flow
In their winding way,
The stars and the moon
To my heart plainly say:
She has come; the boon
Of this life you may know—
Tell her that you love her!

Oh! for the language in which the heart speaks!
How can the voice surcharged with love,
Eager to shout from the topmost peaks
Paeans of joy to the stars above,
Tell in soft whispers the story of old,
Place on her finger the circlet of gold
Binding for life, yet making so free
Souls that are mated eternally?

Let silence speak: no words can tell
The feelings in my heart so deep:
Unless my sighs can make her weep,
Unless my eyes tear-stained dispel
Distrust, or pity at my grief
Can faith, affection, love compel,
As well as infinite belief,
My soul its tender thoughts must keep
To treasure in the endless sleep!

She is mine!
Yes! for twenty years
We have shared every sorrow,
And known that to-morrow
For us had no fears.

Hearts clean and pure
Bound by faith evermore,
Live to learn and learn to live,
Know the best that God can give—
Love divine.

"Contrast"



LONG day of work,
A night of unrest,
Suspensions that lurk
Where faith should obtain:

Discouraged by pain,
Unhappy at best,
A body not well—
Does earth hold more hell?

A touch of the hand,
A glance of the eye
That you understand:
A word from the heart
Untrammelled by art,
Your loved one near by
To give you a kiss—
Has Heaven more bliss?



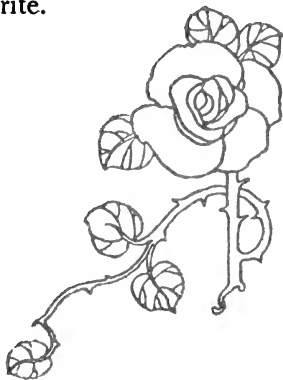
"Marguerite"



AVE you seen a rose half blown,
When the dew has kissed its face,
Growing silently, alone,
All unconscious of its grace?

When the sun has shed its light,
Giving fuller life and bloom,
Then you see a wondrous sight
Added to the rare perfume.

Such a budding, blushing maid,
Natural and fair and sweet,
Happy, singing, unafraid,
You can see in Marguerite.



"Love—Bloom"



PLANTED the seed of a flower rare,
In earth prepared with infinite care;
But wind and want of rain and sun,
Completely undid the work that was done.

Unknowing, unthinking, a love-seed fell
On soil untilled, in an unknown dell;
And without the aid of sun or rain,
Its bloom and perfume have known no wane.



A Silver Bowl (Presentation)



WITH gratitude, this silver token,
In silence tendered
For kindness rendered
Even when no word was spoken,
Could many, many times be filled:
No doubt the several voices stilled
Approve, if spirits watch us here
And wait to welcome us and you
When we have done the work to do
Upon this moving, mundane sphere.

A Contralto



HE sceret of the voice you know:
The 'cello tones so deep and low
Come faultlessly and free;
But do you feel that sweeter thrill
Your heart pulsating, never still
Can give so secretly?

Perhaps that very mellow tone
Will wake the heart that with your own
Pulsates in unison:
Will make the chord none else may hear,
Except the one for whom it's clear—
When two hearts sound like one!

"Telepathy"



COULD you know the secrets of the heart,
You would comprehend the strange sensation,
When you recognized with each pulsation,
That your own in unison vibrated,
That your brain was also correlated
With another by some magic art.

All the joys and fears you credit Fate,
Feelings deep and pains intense, unbidden,
Synchronously reach you from the hidden
Heart-beats in another's breast,
Troublous, full of hope, or great unrest,
Seeking by telepathy its mate.

A Song-Writer



NLY to look in those wondrous eyes,
Out of whose depths subtle harmonies flow,
Brings back the hopes of a lost paradise,
Seen once in dreams, in the years long ago.

Hearing the thoughts hidden deep in your
mind,
Rapturous, written in musical phrase,
Transports the senses until they may find
Heaven revealed in melodious lays.

Sincerity



NOTHER year has sped along
In which the world has made a stride
And left adrift on ebbing tide
Some earnest workers, far and wide,
Whose courage failed, or in whose song
Sincerity, without the fire
Of inspiration, Heaven-born,
Could not essay to paint the dawn,
Nor tell the world its heart's desire:
But failure often means success;
Its lessons learned in bitterness
May point the paths so hard to find,
Where roses bloom of every kind
And give to every passing wind
A fragrance sweet: the world must be
A debtor to sincerity!

"L' Envoi"



FIRE smouldering in my heart,
Has slowly burned for many years;
It has a message to impart
Of life and death, of joy and tears:
And in the midst of many fears
Of critics with envenomed dart,
Has never burst into a flame,
But goes on smouldering just the same,
Awaiting, possibly, some art
To give its message to the world:
Or does it wait to find a name
Which, when emblazoned and unfurled.
Will be so plain that all must see
And call the outburst Poesy!

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